

Daily Eagle

THE ISLE OF ROSES.

Now lovingly caressed and anon fiercely buffeted by the waves of the Baltic, between the coasts of Pomerania and Sweden, lies the Danish island of Bornholm. It is little known to the world, and the profusion of wild roses indigenous to the place has acquired for it the sobriquet of the Isle of Roses.

The environs of the little town of Allinge, on the northwest, are especially picturesque and remarkable for the peculiar wildness of their formation. We are here, suddenly and without any prelude, confronted with a magnificent natural panorama.

Making Allinge my starting point I used often to visit the old castle, the road at first lies along the strand, then winding to the left commences an ascent; after half an hour spent in scrambling among the rocks the "Val of Paradise" is attained. Through the heart of the dell encircling the castle extends a promenade whose perfection of scenery challenges imagination.

On both sides is bordered with lilacs and roses in thick hedges, which grow to a sufficient height to form a species of vaulted aisle, rich in fragrance, retaining its grateful shade and coolness during the prevalence of extreme heat.

A few paces through this Eden brings the wand'ring foot to the deep, placid languor of the ocean. Masses of rock, cleft in rugged wildness, form at once a small bay, and a fitting frame for so glorious a prospect.

I sought my favorite haunt one day when the fierce heat of the sun's rays was untempered by a breath of wind; but the rough, brown beach under the gabled oak, whence the view extended to the distant sea, commanding the course of passing ships, was occupied.

A girl busied with needlework was sitting there. In my first surprise I fancied that I beheld some apparition or wood nymph. It was, however, no "unreal mockery," for the figure arose to its feet when my footsteps became audible. Standing there in all her marvellous beauty, in a flood of sunbeams, she resembled some goddess of the northern mythology.

The garb of the country developed freely the graceful symmetry of her tall, slender figure, and lent a peculiar charm to her appearance. The most striking feature in this vision was, however, the nobly modeled head, the expressive countenance encircled by a profusion of light, wavy hair, the eyes shaded by dark lashes, blue and fathomless as the ocean, their gaze now fixed upon the intruder.

We stood silent for a moment, confronting each other in mutual surprise, for neither of us had dreamt of finding this solitude invaded by another human being. Should I pass on my way placidly or seek to enter into conversation? I hesitated. Every form of address which first occurred to me seemed bold and inappropriate; I should have preferred to content myself with gazing at her and listening to her voice. As it was necessary, however, to put an end to the situation one way or another, and vainly endeavoring to combat the ascendancy of the girl's charms, I inquired my way to the little fishing village of Vang, which I had long intended to visit.

"Ah, you speak Danish," she observed, with a friendly smile, for she had at once set me down as a foreigner. And then, with all the charm of natural affability which characterizes her compatriots, she explained that the way led me across the rocky strand. I noted anew in her a peculiarity of the Bohemian folk. Avoiding all use of the expression right or left, they refer invariably to the points of the compass. She accompanied me to a point from which I could not miss my way, and wished me a pleasant walk at parting. This meeting gave me food for reflection during the rest of my ramble.

What had caused me to take so much interest in this girl? Surely not her rare beauty alone. I pondered and pondered, and at length believed I had found a clue. I had a dim recollection of some girl's features in her face, such as nature bestows in many human beings, and now my mind's eye described it clearly and distinctly defined in the graceful lines of her mouth. Besides this, her eyes had a gaze full of dreamy thoughtfulness, as though the soul of the possessor dwelt in the far distance. At all events, this maiden had something unusual about her.

At Vang I entered the cabin of a fisherman to partake of refreshments, as there was no inn there, and mentioned my encounter, asking, after giving a description of the girl, if anybody knew her. At once came the reply: "Of course, she is the daughter of the old fisherman who lives here. A good girl, but alas! she is a chieftain's daughter, which, however, is not unusual among our women."

"Ah!" thought I, "a chieftain's daughter." That accounts for the dreamy look in her eyes." And the weather-beaten sailor added: "She has been married to a nobleman, old Captain Torstensen, much grief already from this cause. She wanders at night to the ruins of Hammershus and talks with the spirits there. But she will be married soon. She is engaged to Gunnar, the pilot, who is due home shortly in the Russian East Indian the Nautilus."

On my departure the old man refused my proffer of remuneration—convinced proof of the hospitality of the islanders. He accepted, however, a few cigars, thanking me heartily with a grip of the hand which I felt for some days after.

My interest in the girl increased. Did she really, then, possess the gift of second sight? And how did it find vent? Musing over this I set out on my return.

Thinking to shorten my journey I took a by-path. When I reached the old castle I had nearly fallen. I found that I had lost my way, and was soon utterly at fault. I wandered about among the rocks for an hour, and at last, in the distance, I descried a light which I made my beacon. It led me to an isolated house. I knocked, with the intention of asking the way. The door was opened, and before me stood my beautiful acquaintance of the afternoon.

This second meeting surprised me that I was first unable to utter a word. At last I explained my dilemma to Gunnar, who kindly invited me to enter. It was her father's house. The latter, a tall man of 50, easily recognizable as a sailor, who had seen much of the world, gave me a friendly reception, and set some refreshments before me, and, propped to accompany me until I should remain my road. Thus, for the second time, I had asked the way of Gunnar. She referred to this herself with some graceful jest, which lent a fresh charm to her naturally thoughtful countenance.

After this our meetings were more frequent; sometimes at the house of her father, who at times accompanied me in his rambles; sometimes walking near the old castle. One day we visited the ruins in company. We clambered about over the ancient walls, Gunnar proving himself a very efficient guide. She was well acquainted with the details of the castle, which had been the ancient stronghold of Bornholm.

It was another lovely afternoon. Long films of gossamer floated in the air; the roses and poplar with a gentle motion. We stood upon a crumbling wall of the castle, absorbed in contemplation of the indescribable beauty of the scene around us, the fragrance was combined with joy.

Suddenly Gunnar turned to me and asked: "Do you believe in premonitions and in revelations of the future?"

"I might almost do so," I answered. "For I have known men who possessed the undoubted gift of foreseeing their destiny, and this was always of a mournful kind."

I had never made any mention to Gunnar of the information which had been imparted to me at Vang with reference to her peculiarity.

also possess it, and when the spirit of prevision overcame me I seem to be torn from my eyes, into the boundless future. I see nothing but a fortune."

"I know not what to reply," I said, "but you are crying suddenly in a sharp, sudden voice, pointing in the direction of the sea, while her vision seemed strained and her face far off; a stranded ship! I thought I saw it. He is calling—he is calling! Gunnar, I come, I come!"

She made a movement as though she would hurry away from the spot. I held her closely by the arm, and turning my eyes in the direction indicated, I saw nothing but the azure sky and the placid surface of the sea.

"Ah, it was a vision," sobbed the girl. "I am so unhappy! Oh, I know that I shall die soon. This is the third time that I have seen it. They are calling me, the spirits of the deep. But, come, evening is closing in and you must not lose your way again."

I accompanied her to the house, striving to dispel her dismal forebodings. But she only shook her head thoughtfully. At her door she turned. "Good night and au revoir," she said, looking mournfully at me; and I took my leave, strangely affected by her mood.

The day breaks dull and tempestuous. Dark clouds are scudding athwart the sky. On the sea the storm rages in uncertain gusts. The waters rise up and lash themselves in fury, and long, foaming crests of mountain billows hurl with a mighty crash against the rock-bound coast. The island seems to tremble to its very foundations. "God protect our mariners," is the thought of every islander. My room in Mardier's commands a view of both sea and town. The latter is a small place built upon the strand. The streets are deserted as the rain descends in torrents.

The storm increases to a hurricane. In the harbor seaweeds flew hither and thither uttering discordant cries which are drowned in the roar of the tempest and the thunder of the waves.

No pass morning and afternoon. The hurricane still rages with unabated vehemence. The lantern is already alight in the neighboring lighthouse at Hammersberg. Several fishermen are busy in the harbor trying to make their boats, which are dancing about like nutshells, more secure from risk or injury.

But hark! A dull, brief report resounds above the din of the tempest and the turmoil of the waters. This is no thunder of the waves; it is a cannon shot. We hear it once more, and then repeated at shorter intervals. Men congregate at the harbor's mouth, and a large telescope is recovered. But no ship is yet visible; the horizon is too circumscribed. Thus half an hour passes away. All Allinge is on the alert. People unite in groups to discuss the plight of the devoted vessel. I find myself attracted to one of these knots. Now—it may be about 5 o'clock—something black comes visible against the background of Hammersberg. It draws nearer and becomes plainer—we distinguish a ship.

A sudden flash, quickly followed by a report, gives a renewed intimation that the vessel is in distress. But who can render any aid? The coast is precipitous, and wild, and even crags jut out far into the ocean. The sea is so rough that no boat could live in it. The danger becomes more and more imminent. The craft, a brig already bereft of its mainmast, must strike. It is hopelessly lost.

In the excitement of the awful moment I had been unconscious as to my immediate surroundings. Suddenly, quite close to me, I heard a cry full of despair, a soul striving vainly.

It was Gunnar, who stood wringing his hands, his fallen tresses a prey to the blast. "The Nautilus—Gunnar!" he cried in her anguish. "Save him—my love!"

The nearest ship was none other than that which bore her betrothed home. She ran to and fro with confused cries, but no one ventured to the rescue. "It would only be tempting Providence," declared a venerable sailor, and he added, uncovering his head in all reverence: "The Lord of heaven and earth deliver them." All the bystanders followed his example and exited in the prayer.

Gunnar rushed from group to group, imploring, supplicating, wringing his hands, but nobody ventured to court certain death. Suddenly Capt. Torstensen, her father, appeared upon the scene, wearing a "sou'wester" and long sea boots.

"Who will come with me?" he asked in a clear, resonant voice. He met with no response. Some attempted to persuade him from his enterprise, even resorting to force. The most experienced sailors regarded it as madness to attempt to navigate in such a sea.

"Then I shall try it alone," he declared, hurrying toward his boat. Two young men followed him, at first doubtfully, then adjured by Gunnar, determined to join him in the desperate venture.

A rush was made for the landing where the boats were lying. Torstensen could scarce stand upright in his boat, but for all that he went on the water and now, just as the men were in the act of pushing off, Gunnar leaped into the boat. A cry of terror rose from a hundred throats. Many women were weeping. The boat heeled over, and the oarsmen were evidently striving to put back with Gunnar. A receding wave, however, carried the boat rapidly out of the harbor.

The crowd stood breathless; not a word was spoken. All eyes were centered on the boat, which appeared on the lofty summit of a wave, only to disappear next moment in the trough of the sea. Gunnar's fair locks were floating in the wind like a cloud flock. The minute guns had long ceased to echo from the shore.

Darkness set in and they had not returned. Nothing further was seen of the ship. Night fell. The storm raged on, the waves still battled fiercely, and out yonder those who were meeting their doom drew their last breaths in silence.

Unhappily! No. There is one who listens and hears.

The people of Allinge passed a sleepless night. As for me, I pondered over Gunnar's words of the previous day: "Do you hear? Oh, I know I shall die soon."

She was right, and I, too, was right. The morning was bright and sunny. The storm had subsided. Now were searching the shore. All that remained of the brig was a shattered wreck wedged in between the rocks. Here and there a body was lying drowned on the beach. Gunnar's father by among these dead. And about a mile west of Allinge, on a projecting rock, two lifeless forms were reclining locked in each other's arms—a maiden of passing loveliness and a stalwart, handsome youth. They were Gunnar, the chieftain's son, and Gunnar, the Hero and Leader of Bornholm—the Argosy.

Bringing Harmony Out of Storm.

To prove that musical realism was not utterly unknown in the early history of the art, the following quotation from Bayle's "Critical Dictionary" is sufficiently amusing to warrant reproduction: "The Abbot de Baugne, a man of great wit who lived in the reign of Louis XI of France, had invented many things relating to musical instruments, and being in the service of the king, was once commanded by him to procure him harmonious sounds from the cries of bees, imagining the thing was impossible."

The abbot was not in the least perplexed at such a command, but asked the king for money to perform it, which was immediately delivered to him, and he effected the most surprising and remarkable thing that was ever heard. He got together a large quantity of bees, all of different ages, and put them into a tent or pavilion covered with velvet, before which tent there was a wooden table all painted; and he made an excellent instrument that when he hit upon these bees, answered to some notes, which, striking the bees that stood behind in due order, made them cry in such a harmonious manner that the king and all his attendants were delighted with it. Not long ago a modern genius devised an instrument for the purpose of utilizing the vocal apparatus of cats in a similar fashion. Verily, "history doth repeat itself."—The Argosy.

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THE LAW OF "THE CODE."

Choice of Weapons—Practicing With Pistols—The Duellist Dress.

The code lays down methodically the law as to what constitutes an aggressor. If in a quarrel brought about by a discussion an insult is uttered, the person insulted is the aggressor; if, however, the insult is replied by a blow positions are changed. A mere touch is held to be a blow.

There are grievances and grievances. First, the grievance simply; next, grievance with insult; thirdly, grievance with blow or wound. The position of the aggrieved person differs in the three cases. As simply aggrieved he has the choice of weapons; aggrieved and insulted, he has the right to choose the manner of duel as well as the arms; aggrieved and struck, he chooses his duel, his arms, his distance, and can deny to his adversary the use of familiar weapons. The only recognized legal weapons at present are held to be the sword, pistol and sabre. Any other can be accepted only upon mutual agreement. Unless otherwise arranged by the seconds, a duel should always take place within forty-eight hours. Once on the ground the adversaries must hold no communication with each other, all must be done through the seconds. If one man falls wounded he may still fire on his adversary, if he can do so within two minutes. After that this privilege ceases to exist.

If a challenge has been made and accepted, the parties generally put themselves under immediate protest. The best pistols are generally used, and the combatants go out daily, each with a few friends, practicing, generally taking a sapling as a mark. Whoever can hit it is considered a good shot. The next step is to accustom the nerves to the shock of firing. Many men fire quite well when they are shooting alone, but the crack of a gunshot by another startles them considerably, so as to drive them wide of the mark. To this crack they must become thoroughly accustomed. For that purpose cork balls are used in the daily practice. Mock seconds are put in proper places, and a mock opponent is placed opposite. The best pistol is given and they fire. This is generally kept up for days but as some waver still a little four or five friends go out with either of the combatants and then place themselves round each, some before, some back and some in front of their man. As the world is given—a man ready—preparation is made for the duel. The pistols are generally before the bewildered man shoots. He soon, however, learns to aim as well amid the confusion and noise as if he were alone. The practice is generally wound up by having heavily charged guns fired in the face of the duelist to make his nerves perfectly steady.

There is also a great deal in the dress. Every object, such as button or breastpin, or anything which makes a contrast, should be carefully removed. Some are having a special duellist dress made, consisting of a large, light morning wrapper, made as near the color of the earth as possible. This wrapper is starched so that it will stand up and give a slight upturn to a particular spot, and as it bags out he may be liable to mistake the true position of the body in it.—New York Star.

Best Horse Feed in the World.

The Californians carry their own forage with them. They have the best horse feed in the world. Their white oats are about the color of silver, the grain is fine and heavy, weighing forty-four pounds to the bushel, while the average weight is thirty-two pounds. Our oats average thirty-six pounds. The Californians do not feed timothy hay, but use a sort of wild grass with a heading very much like wild oats. It is cut green and cured, making better hay for horses than timothy.—Charles Hess in the Globe-Democrat.

Antiseptics Ordered by the King.

The King of Serbia, according to the journals, has issued the following: "Whereas it is irrefutably proved by science that the so-called antiseptic treatment of wounds yields more beneficial results than all other methods, we are pleased to order that henceforward the said antiseptic treatment be employed in all the hospitals of our kingdom, and that that corrosive sublimate and iodine be used until our further disposition.—Exchange.

Woman as a Traveler.

Strange as it may seem, it is a fact, nevertheless, that men are more difficult to manage than women when they are traveling, and are in doubt as to which train they want to take or when it is liable to leave. When you tell a woman that her train is on track No. 8 and will depart at 8:30 she may ask: "Well, why don't you show it to me?" but she will coolly gather up her hat and baggage and various other articles and follow you to the train, while a man will want to know if you are certain about it, and in 99 cases out of 100 will be asking half a dozen people before he can be persuaded to get into the train. He is liable to be behind time and arrives fretting and excited, while a woman is on hand at least an hour before train time, and her only fear seems to be that the train will get away from her.—Depot Master in Globe-Democrat.

Stopped the Insects' Chirp.

A gentleman who has had previous experience with an earthquake writes to The Post of Washington that he was near Spotsylvania Court House, Va., on Monday night, and closely observed what occurred. At the first tremor he looked out of the window. The evening was quiet and calm, and numberless insects that chirped mightily were in full blast. Suddenly all these voices of the night ceased, and the air was left in a dead silence, broken only by the rumble of the earthquake, and this silence continued until after the third shock, and then the insects resumed their noisy concert. He asks servants to account for this.—New York Sun.

Supposition is nine points of the law—Facts.

Embossed leather sunshades are among the queer imports.

Abyssinian Economic Productions.

Among the vegetable articles of diet of the Abyssinians the first place is taken by a root, a herbaceous plant, whose grains are as small as a pin's head; the meal from this forms the bread in general use. A much inferior black bread made by the peas is made from a kind of millet called mesquit. Frequenting the low grounds, in addition, the roasted seed of the flax plant is consumed, and as it is the ancient Romans and Greeks. Another aboriginal vegetable is the flower stalk of the plantain, called emete, the fruit of which is unfit for eating. The stem is cooked with milk and butter. It is cut off just above the roots, and about two feet high. If old, the green outer coat is peeled off, till the white inner sheath is exposed. It is then a well cooked turnip, with a flavor like the best, new bread somewhat underdone. It is an excellent diet, nourishing, wholesome, and digestible. From small glasses a fermented drink called mesquit is made.

The cotton grown in Abyssinia is principally sent to Djibouti and upper Egypt, though not of first-rate quality, it possesses a certain amount of value, and is sold at the rate of \$10 per measure of 112 pounds for each bale.

The numerous Garra make made of the leaves of the plantain. The leaves of the Abyssinians are used for a variety of purposes. The native dress consists of a large folding mantle and close-fitting drawers. The houses are made of mud and brick, covered with thatch.

Scientific American.

N. F. NIEDERLANDER, Real Estate and Loans



Partial List of Property for Sale. City Property.

- No. 1568. House, 8 rooms, two stories; pantry, closets, etc. 212 lots, Ida avenue, Hyde's add. \$4,200.
- No. 1556. 5 lots Ash street, Park Place add, \$500 each, size of lots 50x140.
- No. 1554. 4 lots on Fairview ave. Louck's add. \$500 each.
- No. 1552. House of four rooms, cellar, barn and outbuildings. Size of lot 50x150. Price \$2,800.
- No. 1550. House of four rooms, outbuildings and barn, fenced, good shade; Waco st. between 1st and 2d. Price \$4,000.
- 1546. House of 7 rooms, with two acres of ground on Frisco Heights. Apple, peach and cherry trees, all bearing. Price \$6,000. A bargain.
- No. 1545. 2 1/2 acre lot, Hillside ave. College Hill add. \$3,000. Cheap.
- No. 1480. House of 4 rooms on Wabash ave, 50 foot lot, Mathewson's 2d addition. Price \$2,100.
- No. 1477. Two story house, 6 rooms, closets, good cellar, stable and coal house. Patti ave. Hyde's add. Price \$3,500.
- No. 1510. House of 5 rooms on Topeka ave, north, lot 60x140. Price \$5,000.
- No. 1507. 2 lots Fourth ave. North Park add. Price \$550.
- No. 1506. 4 lots on N. Main. Price \$1,300.
- No. 1505. 1 lot 105x140 with house of 5 rooms in Greifinstein's 3d add. Fruit trees bearing. Price \$8,000.
- No. 1502. 1 lot on south Lawrence, Zimmerly's add, \$825.
- No. 1500. 2 lots on North Main, Hyde & Ferrell's add. Price \$1,500.
- No. 1495. House 6 rooms, lot 50x140, Mathewson's add. Price \$2,900.
- No. 1494. 2 lots on E Douglas ave. Smith's add. Price \$12,500.
- No. 1408. 10 lots Chautauqua add. Price \$2,100.
- No. 1492. Two lots with house of 5 rooms, cellar and outbuildings. Washington ave. Price \$3,000.
- No. 1491. 5 lots on Hydraulic ave, in Burns' add, \$400 each.
- No. 1489. Lot 40x204 on 5th ave, 3 room house, outbuildings and stable for 8 head of horses, fruit trees. Price \$1,500.
- No. 1486. 3 lots on Emporia ave south. Price \$1,600.
- No. 1484. House of six rooms on north Main, with barn and outbuildings. Price \$5,000.
- 1483. 12 lots on Mosley ave. east front, Jocelyn's add, \$150 each.
- No. 1527. 3 lots 150x140, Mosley ave, Mead add, 2 houses rented, good sidewalk, and trees. Price \$9,000.
- No. 1524. Busin ss lot on south Main, \$9,000.
- No. 1520. 2 lots 50x140 Grove ave, Park Place add, \$525 each.
- No. 1519. 3 lots Emporia ave, 2 houses, 4 and 5 rooms, good shade. Price \$3,000.
- No. 1518. 5 lots on Main, English's 7th add. Price \$1,100.
- No. 1517. 9 1/2 acres on Hydraulic ave. Price \$10,000.
- No. 1412. 4 room house with 2 acres of ground, Cleveland ave, Greifinstein's add. good cellar and outbuildings, small fruit of all kinds, price \$5,000.
- No. 1543. 3 lots 25x140 each on Dodge ave, Lawrence 2d add, W Wichita, \$375 each.
- No. 1542. 10 acres cor Central and Olive ave, Keystone add, \$3,500.
- No. 1541. 2 lots Lincoln st add, Patti ave, \$300 each.
- No. 1535. 3 lots on Wichita st, Lowden's add, \$550 each.
- No. 1537. 30 acres near College Hill, \$800 per acre.
- No. 1533. House 4 rooms, 2 lots 30x140 each, Topeka ave, Hilton's add \$4,500.
- No. 1531. 2 lots 30x140 Water st, \$1,000 each.
- No. 1530. 1 lot cor Oak and Water st, \$1,000.
- No. 1574. New house of six rooms on New York ave, Mathewson's add, \$1,800.
- No. 1573. Eleven lots in Chautauqua add \$200 each.
- No. 1571. Six lots on Jackson ave. \$2,800.
- No. 1568. 4 room house on Mead ave, Hilton's add, pantry, closets and outbuildings, rented at \$15 per month. Cheap at \$1,500.
- No. 1564. 1 lot 300x303 feet, Grand View add, \$2,500.
- No. 1560. 3 lots north Market st, east front, Hyde & Ferrell's add, \$800 each.
- No. 1559. 63x144 1/2 feet Lawrence ave north, \$3,700.

FARMS.

- No. 2573. Half section 15 miles west, well improved, house 4 rooms, barn, hedged and cross-hedged, living water, 5 acres of orchard. Price \$5,500.
- No. 2571. 100 acres 5 miles northwest of Garden Plains, with good house, barn, granary, 100 acres under cultivation; living spring. Price \$3,100.
- No. 2567. 80 acres near town, adjoining College Hill, price \$200 per acre.
- No. 2559. 320 acres of splendid land on the Cowskin, 200 acres in cultivation, house 3 rooms, good barn and granary, hedged and cross hedged, splendid orchard. Price \$50 per acre.
- No. 2546. 80 acres n w qtr of Wichita, 5 miles, all good land, partly fenced. Price \$25 per acre.
- No. 2535. 240 acres east of Wichita 8 miles, good house, stable and outbuildings, 120 acres fenced, 5 acres in orchard, splendid farm. Price \$10,000.
- 2526. 150 acres 8 miles northwest of Wichita, 150 in cultivation, good house and outbuildings, wind pump, splendid fruit. Price \$50 per acre.
- No. 2515. 640 acres of land adjoining the Jewett stock farm, 120 acres under cultivation, living water, good house, 6 rooms, barn, corral and good land. Cheap at \$10,000.
- No. 2507. 5, 10 or 20 acre tract north of Wichita 6 1/2 miles at \$300 per acre.
- No. 2516. Quarter section 15 miles southwest of Wichita near Goddard, house three rooms, stable, granary, all hedged, watered by Spring creek. Cheap at \$50 per acre.
- No. 2505. 120 acres northwest of Wichita 4 1/2 miles, house 3 rooms, stable, 80 acres under cultivation, mostly bottom land, good building site on the farm commanding a view over the town. Price \$10,000.

N. F. NIEDERLANDER, Cor. Douglas and Topeka Aves.

WICHITA KANSAS.

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